

**TERROR**



NO.22  
FEB.-MAR.



# TALES

FROM THE

10¢

# CRYPT

RM

**FEATURING**



**THE KEEPER OF  
THE CRYPT OF  
TERROR!**



**THE KEEPER OF  
THE VAULT OF  
HORROR!**



**THE OLD WITCH  
FROM THE  
HAUNT OF  
FEAR!**



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The following is a complete list of



titles, all of which bear the Code-Scal of The Association of Comics Magazine Publishers

TALES  
FROM  
THE CRYPT

TWO-FISTED  
TALES

THE VAULT  
OF  
HORROR

WEIRD  
SCIENCE

WEIRD  
FANTASY

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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR



HEH, HEH! WELL! SO WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR FRIENDS! WELCOME! WELCOME! ONCE MORE TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! THIS TIME I HAVE A REALLY CHILLING TALE FROM MY COLLECTION OF SPINE-TINGLERS TO RELATE TO YOU! NOW, LIE BACK IN YOUR CASKETS! TUCK YOURSELVES IN WITH YOUR SHROUDS! COMFY! GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN! I CALL THIS STORY...

## THE THING FROM THE GRAVE!



JAMES BARRY AND WILLIAM FENTY WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL, LAURA. HADN'T JIM HAD ENOUGH? CONSIDERATE!... A GENTLEMAN? BILL WAS BRAGGART... FOR LOVING. AND AT TIMES, LAURA WAS ALMOST AFRAID OF HIM! AND SO WHEN JIM ASKED THE INEVITABLE QUESTION...



HARRY McLAUREN? KNOW I CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY!



BUT, JIM? WHAT ABOUT BILL? ...I'M AFRAID OF WHAT HE'LL DO WHEN HE FINDS OUT!

DON'T WORRY, LAURA! BILL WILL HAVE TO TAKE IT LIKE A MAN! ALL'S FINE IN LOVE AND WAR, Y'KNOW!



YES? BUT BILL ISN'T THE TYPE TO GIVE UP EASILY!

LAURA DIDN'T KNOW HOW RIGHT SHE WAS WHEN SHE SPOKE THOSE WORDS! YES! BILL WAS NOT THE TYPE TO GIVE UP EASILY! HE WANTED LAURA!



...AND I'LL HAVE HER, TOO! EVEN IF I HAVE TO KILL YOU, JAMES BARRY!

SOON, LAURA AND JIM WERE MARRIED! THEY WERE VERY HAPPY THOSE FIRST FEW WEEKS... BUT THEN, BUSINESS CALLED HIM OUT OF TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS...



I'LL BE BACK THURSDAY NIGHT, DEAREST!

OH, JIM! I'M AFRAID I DON'T WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE! BILL NIGHT...

BILL WON'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU, LAURA! BUT, IF YOU EVER ARE IN DANGER, NO MATTER WHERE I AM, SOMEHOW, I'LL GET TO YOU... AND SAVE YOU!



YOU'RE JOING WITH ME, JAMES BARRY!... BUT I'VE BEEN SERIOUS!

SO HAVE I, LAURA! SO HAVE I! BYE!



BYE, JIM! HURRY BACK!

JIM'S CAR SPED ALONG A DARK COUNTRY ROAD TOWARDS THE MAIN HIGHWAY! THE HEADLIGHTS, BURNING THROUGH THE VELVETY BLACKNESS, SUDDENLY FELL UPON...



A *MAN!* STANDING IN THE ROAD...



JIM PRESSED HARD ON HIS BRAKES AND THE CAR SCREECHED TO A STOP.



"CRAZY FOOL? I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU! WHO ARE YOU... ANYWAY?"

"BILL! IT'S ME... BILL!"

THE SHADY FIGURE MOVED TOWARDS THE CAR... AND AS HE PASSED THE HEADLIGHT, A GLINT OF SHINY STEEL CAUGHT JIM'S EYE...



"HE... HE'S GOT A KNIFE! HE'S... GONNA TO KILL ME!"

THE SOUND OF A SPADOLE SHATTERED THE SILENCE, RANGING OVER THE DESERTED ROAD AND THE HEAVY WOODS FLANKING IT! THEN THERE WAS A THUD AND A PLEASING SMILE...



"...AND NOW, LADDA WILL BE *MINE!* ALL MINE!"

BILL FORTH PICKED UP THE BODY OF THE MURDERED JAMES BARTY AND DROPPED IT INTO THE WOODS...



"...GOT TO GET RID OF THE BODY SO NO ONE WILL EVER FIND IT! GOT TO BURY IT *DEEP* IN THESE WOODS!"

AGAIN THE THICK SILENCE OF THE WOODS WAS BROKEN! THIS TIME BY THE SOUND OF A SPADE STRIKING THE SOFT EARTH BELOW TOWERING TREES...



"SORRY TO GIVE YOU SUCH A CRUDE BURIAL, JIM OL' BOY, BUT IT'S THE BEST I CAN DO UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!"

SOON, A DEEPING HOLE WAS OPENED AND THE STIFF BODY OF JAMES BARRY WAS DROPPED INTO IT...

HOW TO COVER IT UP, CATCH THE CAR, AND GET BACK HOME? THEN ALL I DO IS WAIT! IF I PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT, SHE'LL BE *MINE*!



AND SO THE JOB WAS DONE! BILL FERTH HAD PLANNED EVERYTHING CAREFULLY! THE WEEKS WENT BY, AND THEN THE TIME CAME FOR HIM TO GO AND SEE LAURA...



HE'LL NEVER COME BACK! NEVER!



THEN I'LL WAIT FOR HIM *FOREVER*! I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING HIM, BILL! I'M *NOT* HIS LIFE! WITHOUT HIM...

A LITTLE LATER, THE SLICK FORM OF JAMES BARRY'S AUTOMOBILE MIGHT SCOUR A CLIFF INTO A DEEP LAKE...

THEY'LL NEVER FIND THE CAR! IT'LL SINK INTO THE MUD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE!



YES, LAURA! BUT IT'S OVER A MONTH NOW! HE'S LEFT YOU! HE'S PROBABLY FOUND ANOTHER WOMAN!



I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT, BILL! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM! I KNOW IT! I FEEL IT!

BILL COULDN'T WAIT! HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME! SHE'D COME AROUND! HE WAS SURE! AFTER ANOTHER MONTH...

IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED TO HIM, YOU WOULD HAVE KNOWN BY NOW, LAURA! CAN'T YOU SEE? HE'S LEFT YOU... *DESERVED* YOU!



I'LL WAIT FOR HIM... TO COME BACK!

THEN... IT'S ALL WASTED! THE PLANNING... THE WORK... THE WAITING... *WASTED!*



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

JUST I KILLED HIM! HE'S DEAD!  
I WANTED YOU, LAURA, AND HE  
STOOD IN MY WAY!

IF YOU KILLED  
JIM? I HATE  
YOU... YOU... YOU  
MURDER! HATE  
YOU... HATE...



NOW... I'VE GOT TO KILL YOU, LAURA! IF  
I CAN'T HAVE YOU, NO ONE ELSE WILL  
EITHER! I'LL HAVE SOME OF THAT!

YOU... YOU'RE  
MAD...  
A RAVING  
MADMAN!



BILL FORTH FORCED LAURA INTO HIS CAR  
AND DROVE HER TO A DESERTED GARIN...  
DEEP IN THE WOODS NEAR WHERE HE HAD  
KILLED JIM...

THIS ROOM HAS NO WINDOWS... SO  
WHEN I LOCK YOU IN, YOU WON'T BE  
ABLE TO ESCAPE!

W... WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING TO DO  
TO ME?



I'M GOING TO SET FIRE TO THE CASH! THEY'LL  
NEVER FIND WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU... NEVER!  
IT'LL BE ASHES... ALL ASHES!



FACED WITH THE HORROR OF BEING  
BURNED ALIVE BY THIS MADMAN,  
LAURA SCREAMED FOR HELP...



IT WAS AN EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM  
THAT SHOT THROUGH THE WOODS,  
REVERBERATING FROM TREE TO TREE  
... ROCK TO ROCK...



AND SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, UNDER  
THE SOFT EARTH THAT COVERED IT...  
SOMETHING STIRRED... THEN PUSHED  
ITS BEARDED AND FOTTED HAND UP...  
UP... THROUGH THE BLACK DIRT INTO  
THE BLACK NIGHT...



EEEEEEAAGGHH

SLOWLY, THE EARTH SANK AWAY AS THE TRING...  
PUSHED UPWARD, CLAWING! THE OCEAN FRESH AIR  
SEEPED DOWN INTO ITS SHALLOW GRAVE...



BACK AT THE CABIN, BILL FOULDED THE CAP OF  
KODAKS AROUND THE OUTSIDE WALLS...



GO AHEAD... SCREAM, YOU  
FOOL! NO ONE WILL HEAR  
YOU!

THE CABIN WAS ON FIRE NOW! INSIDE LAURA  
CRINGED AGAINST THE DOOR AS THE FLAMES  
LICKED AT HER... WHITE... HOT...



OH... SAVE ME, JIM!  
WHEREVER YOU ARE...  
YOU PROMISED...  
*obaby!*

IT TROT TOGETHER FEET  
CLUMBSY... STOOD ERECT  
IN THE MOONLIGHT! IT  
LIFTED ITS HEAD...  
LISTENING! IT HAD HEARD  
A SCREAM... A SCREAM  
THAT HAD MADE IT BECK  
THE OPEN AIR...



IT MOVED FORWARD AT A SPIN-  
NING GATE! ITS HOTTER LEGS... ITS  
SIGHTLESS EYES... THE O CLOYS  
FLESH THAT CLUNG HERE AND  
THERE TO WHITERED BONE... MOVED  
THROUGH THE UNDERBUSH...



OUT IN THE DEEP READER OF THE WOODS, THE TRING...  
HEARD THE SCREAM... AND STUMBLED FORWARD... TOWARDS IT



OUTSIDE, BILL WATCHED AS THE FLAMES LEAPED HIGHER AND  
HIGHER! THEN, FROM THE FRINGE OF THE TREES, HE SAW THE  
THING COMING... STUMBLING... STAGGERING...



GOOD LORD!



THE THING DID NOT SEE BILL! IT WAS LOOKING AT THE BURNING CABIN! BILL PUT HIS HAND OVER HIS MOUTH! HE WAS SHOCK! HE WHIMPERED...



THE THING WENT INTO THE FLAME! IT DID NOT FEEL THE FLAMES LICKING AT ITS TATTERED CLOTHES... ITS ROTTER FLESH! IT WAS DEAD! IT COULD FEEL NOTHING...



AFTER A FEW MOMENTS IT CAME OUT! ITS HAIR WAS BROWN! ITS DECAYED FLESH WAS CHARRED! WHERE THE FIRE HAD TOUCHED THE SKIN, IT WAS BLACK AND SCORCHED! IT CARRIED THE GIRL...



BILL WAS SCREAMING NOW! HE BEGAN TO RUN WILDLY INTO THE WOODS... SCREAMING... SCREAMING...



THE THING PUT LAURA DOWN ON THE COOL GRASS FAR FROM THE BURNING CABIN! SHE WAS UNCONSCIOUS! SHE HAD FAINTED BEFORE THE THING HAD REACHED HERE! SHE HAD NOT SEEN IT...



THEN THE THING TURNED... TOWARDS THE HYSTERICAL SHRIEKING THAT CAME FROM THE NEARBY WOODS...



SLOWLY IT SHAMBLED TOWARDS THE SCREAMING BILL AS HE CRASHED MADLY THROUGH THE THICK UNDERGROWTH...



SUDDENLY BILL STUMBLED INTO A THINNING BLACK HOLE.



GOOD GOD! HIS GRAVE?  
JIM'S GRAVE... WHERE?  
SAVED HIM?

THE THING WAS COMING, NOW! BILL TRIED TO STAND BUT HE COULDN'T! THE FRANTIC HE HAD BROKEN HIS LEG! HE TRIED TO DRAG HIMSELF FROM THE SHALLOW PIT... BUT THEN...



NO... NO!

THE THING WAS ON TOP OF HIM, PINNING HIM DOWN! HE TRIED TO STRUGGLE, BUT THE THING WAS STRONG! IT HELD HIM EASILY...



LET ME GO! LET  
ME GO! YOU'RE  
DEAD! DEAD!

AND THEN THE THING BEGAN, WITH ONE DOTTED AND DECAYED HAND, TO FILL THE GRAVE AGAIN...



NO... NO! YOU CAN'T  
DIE! ME! I'M ALIVE...  
ALIVE!

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO FILL THE GRAVE! THE DIRT WAS GETTING TO BILL'S EYES... HIS MOUTH! HIS SCREAMING WAS WILDER NOW... HYSTERICAL, MAD, TERRIFIED SCREAMING...



AND THEN, AFTER A WHILE... THE SCREAMING STOPPED...



AND THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR PLEASE! JIM CERTAINLY KEPT HIS PROMISE TO LAURA, DIDN'T HE? LOOK FOR HER THE PAINTED BEFORE HE GOT THERE, THOUGHT! SHE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM IN A NICE WAY, NOW, AND POOR BILL! NOW JIM'S GOT HIM FOR COMPANY...



...DOWN THERE WHERE IT'S COLD AND BLACK! WELL, THEY CAN ALWAYS HOLD GRAVE CONVERSATIONS TOGETHER! HEH, HEH! NOW, IF YOU'RE NOT TOO BROKEN UP OVER THIS TALE... WHY NOT READ OUT MORE CHILLS ABOUT 'HAG

SO YOU ALL LIKE VAMPIRE STORIES, EH? WELL, THIS ONE WILL CURDLE YOUR BLOOD! I CALL IT...

# BLOOD TYPE V!



AS MY STORY OPENS, A SLEEK BLACK CONVERTIBLE STRIDES ALONG A DESERTED HIGHWAY LATE ONE DARK MOONLIT NIGHT...

PLEASE, FREDDIE? DRIVE SLOWER! I'M NERVOUS!

DON'T WORRY, JEAN! SHE HANDLES LIKE A BABY CARRIAGE!



SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE BLOOD, A HIDE PALLID THING LOOMS ACROSS THE PATH OF THE SPEEDING AUTO...

FREDDIE? LOOK OUT!

WHAT THE...?



THERE IS A CRASH OF METAL AND SHATTERING GLASS AS TWO TONS OF STEEL HURTLÉ CRAZILY INTO THE FALLEN BARRIER...



...THEN, SILENCE! A TWISTED MASS OF WRECKAGE LIES GROTESQUELY ON A LONELY COUNTRY HIGHWAY...



SLOWLY, ONE OF THE COPILOTS OF THE SMASHED CAR STIRS... SHAKES HIS HEAD...



WHAT HAPPENED?  
I-I... HEART

FRANTICALLY, FREDGIE STRUGGLES TO FREE THE PRISONER FROM THE WRECKED AUTO... SHE'S...



SHOCKING! GOT TO...GET HELP!

SHOCKED AND STUNNED, THE MAN STAGGERS WEARILY DOWN THE ROAD IN SEARCH OF AID... A LIGHT...



OVER THERE! MAYBE...HAVE A PHONE? CAN...CALL DOCTOR?

FRED GUNGAN... ACC REPORTER FOR THE "EVENING SUN"... MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE DARK FORM OF THE RAMSHACKLE HOUSE AND KROGG'S. THERE IS NO ANSWER...



NO ONE HOME? DOOR...OPEN?

HERE'S A PHONE! I'LL CALL DOC KROGG! HE LIVES NEARBY?



IN A FEW MINUTES, ANOTHER CAR FLASHES ALONG THE HIGHWAY TOWARD THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT...

HERE HE COMES! *BOO...BOO!*  
IT'S ME...*FREDDIE!*



FRED DUNCAN GETS INTO THE DOCTOR'S CAR AND THEY RUSH TO THE SCENE OF THE MISDEED...

THERE SHE IS!

DID YOU CALL AN  
AMBULANCE?



THE CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP BEFORE THE WILDLY WAVING FIGURE OF FRED DUNCAN...

WHAT HAPPENED,  
FREDDIE?

ACCIDENT... I DROVE THE  
ROAD! JEAN'S UNDERMINE!  
HURRY!



WTF, BOO? I...

INCREDIBLE! THIS GIRL'S  
ALMOST DEAD... FROM LOSS  
OF BLOOD!



WHAT'S BUT...  
BUT...

YES! IT'S VERY  
STRANGE! SHE ONLY  
HAS A FEW MINOR CUTS  
ABOUT THE HEAD AND  
SHOULDERS, AND YET...



SHE HAS LOST AN ALMOST FATAL  
AMOUNT OF BLOOD! SHE  
WILL NEED A TRANSFUSION  
IMMEDIATELY!

WILL I DO?

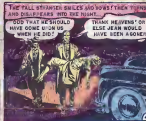


A HASTY BLOOD-TYPE TEST PROVIDES:

NO, FREDDIE! YOU'RE  
NOT HER BLOOD  
TYPE! NEITHER  
AM I!

WHAT CAN  
WE DO? IS  
THERE TIME  
TO GET HER  
TO TOWN?





DOC BENTON AND FRED BURGAN TAKE JEAN BACK INTO TOWN AND HAVE HER ADMITTED TO THE HOSPITAL, / BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

FREDONE! I CAME OVER AS SOON AS I COULD! JEAN'S DISAPPEARED!

FROM THE HOSPITAL? WHERE DID SHE GO?



I... I DON'T KNOW!

O'MON, DOC! WE'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR HER! SHE'S IN NO CONDITION TO BE ROAMING AROUND!



THERE IS NO SIGN OF JEAN AT HER APARTMENT, AND NONE OF HER FRIENDS OR RELATIVES HAVE BEEN HEAR! SHE HAS GONE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR...

AMBERIA, PERHAPS?

I... I WONDER!



THAT NIGHT, AS A BLESSED HOOD THAMPS A LONELY HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

STRANGER! I SEEM TO HEAR A FLAPPING NOISE... LIKE A BAT'S WINGS...



AND... IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT, A TWISTED FIGURE, HIS FACE DISTORTED IN PAIN, LIES ON A LONELY ROAD. DEAD... THE BLOOD DRAINED FROM HIS CONTORTED BODY...





THE NEXT DAY THE TOWN IS SHOCKED BY THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.  
IT'S THE WORK OF A VAMPIRE!  
NONSENSE! THERE IS NO SUCH THING!  
DON'T BE TOO SURE, I'VE REMEMBERED OLD RUFUS...HOW HE DIED?



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, FRED OSCHER SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR JEAN... TO NO AVAIL! MEANWHILE...  
FOUR DEATHS IN FOUR MONTHS! A PERSON CAN'T STAY AT NIGHT ANYMORE!  
KUMPFEST! IT'S MADNESS!



AND THEN... ONE NIGHT... FRED OSCHER CAME TO FREEDOM.  
I... I'M BEEN THINKING ABOUT JEAN, FREDIE! SHE'S IN GREAT DANGER, WHEREVER SHE IS!  
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, FRED?



I REMEMBERED THAT WHEN I EXAMINED HER, AMONG THE SMALL LACERATIONS AND ABRASIONS ON HER NECK WERE TWO SMALL HOLES THAT MIGHT ACCOUNT FOR HER TERRIBLE LOSS OF BLOOD!  
THEN YOU THINK SHE WAS ATTACKED BY THE VAMPIRE WHILE I WAS CALLING FOR HER.



PRECISELY! BUT THE EMERGENCY TRANSFUSION ROBBED THE VAMPIRE OF A VICTIM! NOW, HOWEVER, IT WILL TRY AGAIN!  
BUT WHAT CAN I DO?



YOU'VE GOT TO GET THAT VAMPIRE BEFORE IT FINDS HER!  
WAIT, WAIT! A MINUTE!



THAT LONELY STREET OF ROAD WHERE JEAN AND I HAD THE ACCIDENT! ALL OF THE VAMPIRE'S VICTIMS WERE ATTACKED IN THAT SAME LOCALITY! IF WE WERE TO GO THERE, ARMED.





# SUSPENSE STORY FANS!

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They had seen him here aboard-ship; unless he could escape now, the life to which he clung so precariously was doomed within the next few hours! They would hunt him down relentlessly . . . regardless of how crowded the ship was they would dispose of him so that no trace was left. After all, death was their business! And they were skilled practitioners

No matter where he hid they would hunt him down without remorse. To go to the ship's officers would be merely to expose his identity, and choosing between the methods of his pursuers and the authorities was something a fugitive could not do! There was only one way out: if he was to make good his escape he must leave the boat. Even out here in mid-ocean his chances for survival were better in the tossing seas than on the same deck which harbored certain death! After all, the ship was on one of the busiest trade routes . . . other craft were bound to pass by! And, overboard, they would probably consider him drowned . . . write him off their books as dead. It was his only chance!

Somehow he evaded them until after darkness had fallen around the churning ship. Silently he crept towards the stern rail, and reasonably sure that he had not been seen, he dove far over the ship's side. The impact of the water against his face and



ANOTHER  
"NEW TREND"  
SURE-FIRE WINNER!



ON SALE NOW  
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

chest stunned him . . . It was like feeling the blow of a sledge-hammer! Down down down he plunged, into the jet black turbulence of the water at the ship's rear. A great weight pressed in around him, as if the water itself was an enemy, in league with those who were intent on destroying him! He tried to move his arms, to thrash his legs, to fight his way back to the surface. In another thirty seconds he knew his breath would give out! He had to get back to the surface had to . . .

And then, somehow, he felt himself rising swiftly . . . being propelled upwards by a force he could not explain. In less time than it took him to plunge into the depths he shot clear of the water . . . and gulping free air once more, he discovered the source of his salvation. The water far yards around him boiled white and angry. He looked up in fear and saw the ship's stern hovering high and ominous above him. His plans had gone awry. Instead of being left far behind in its wake, he was being drawn ever closer to the ship!

Even as he fought desperately to keep his head above water he saw the ship veering closer. In the tempestuous milky-white of the ship's wake he saw the momentary glint of the propellers. Like immense razors they were cutting through the sea nothing could withstand their murderous sharpness! He was doomed . . . he had escaped the enemy on board ship only to fall prey to the slashing propellers even now sucking him forward! They were coming closer . . . those blades! He could hear their furious whirr . . . could even scent the smell of his own horrible death . . .



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## THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

**D**rag over that bed of nails, kiddies, and drag your quivering bodies upon it like worms for another our POINTED discussion! First, let's **MURDER** the music of the evening on last issue's poster! My small staff of **VAMPIRES**, after several long nights of debauching and drinking... I keep them well supplied with **BLOOD**, you know! ... has just handed me the dripping, molten, **Edgewise's** **ELECTRIFYING** tale, **A SHOCKING WAY TO DIE**, garnished first place in this taste-the difference to you a ghastly little postcard **THE THING FROM THE GRAVE**! Second place was taken by Graham Angeli's delirious, **DEATH BITTER HIM**! Naturally, **GHOSTLY GRAHASE** is well represented this time with his **BLOOD TYPE "V"**... a real can't-get **THE HOUSE OF HORROR**, masterminded by Karcusian, revealed third place honors. Fourth place was snagged by Wood with his **TERROR RIDE BURIAL**, the best, was in last place (Hmmm... **BURIAL** his home! What a **GRAVE** result!)

By this time, dearish fans, I trust you have realized that this issue of TALES FROM THE CRYPT marks a milestone in publishing history! You've heard of the THREE MUSKETEERS - one for all and all for one? Well, in this issue - for the very first time - you have the THREE GHOUUNATICS - each for himself and all for none! And, how we HATE each other! However, the VALU-KEEPER and I have gained something by this unholy alliance! Yes, THE OLD WITCH tricked both of us into allowing her to appear in each of our magazines. This, plus the fact that she has her own magazine, THE HALIT OF FEAR, meant that she accepted three

comes on our scene! So there was only one thing to do: **UNITE** ... against the **madness**! So ... three  
 nine on, the **Vault-Keeper**! It appears as my **imagery**  
 and I in my mad way, **THE VAULT OF HORROR**!  
 We are now working on a plan to trick the **OLD**  
**WITCH**! by signing a contract with us so that we  
 can both appear in her way and even things up! So  
 look for the **THREE GHOKULUNATICS** in three  
 magazines: **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** (OF  
**TERROR**), **THE VAULT OF HORROR**, and  
**THE HAUNT OF FEAR**!

Oh, dear most thing before we requested this revolt my thoughts been-a-boo! I have received requests for information on how to subscribe to my magazine. Smarter? Doncha like to arrange through inferior content looking for mine? Doncha like to arrange 'lead arrange' and not find a bequest all the copies have been sold out? Doncha like to be deprived of sleepless night? Well, I don't blame you! So here's the wrap straight from the MURPHY'S mouth! Send 75¢ and your name and address written clearly in blood for ink, if you simply cannot obtain that tasty bequest to me.

The Crypt Keeper  
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For this paltry sum, you will receive a full year's supply — in disposing means of that, my two-decade magazine. And remember, keep those letters of approval and disapproval pouring in! Vote for your favorite story — and watch for the resulting results! Mail your letters to me at the above address!

STATEMENT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE, ALABAMA, FOR THE YEAR 1900.

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<sup>c</sup> The first three authors contributed equally to this work. <sup>d</sup> Present address: Department of Biology, University of California, San Diego, La Jolla, CA 92037.

[illegible]

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# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!



HEE, HEE! WELCOME, DEAR READERS! COME IN! COME IN! I AM THE OLD WITCH! IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS, THE *CRYPT-KEEPERS* MAGAZINE, I BREW A SPINE-TINGLING TERROR-TALE HERE IN MY CAULDRON! AS THE CONTENTS STEAM AND BUBBLE, GAZE INTO THE VAPORS... AND SOON YOU'LL SEE THE FIRST SCENE OF A TALE I CALL...

## DEATH'S TURN!

A LONE FIGURE CARRYING A LEATHER BRIEF CASE STANDS IN THE DESERTED MIDWAY OF A RUN-DOWN AMUSEMENT PARK.

"HMMMM? THIS PLACE CERTAINLY IS A FLUMP! NOT A GUEST-CUSTOMER AROUND!"



DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE DIRTY MIDWAY, IN A SHACK MARKED "OFFICE," TWO MEN ARE TALKING.

"WE WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP SUCH ANOTHER WEEK, HARE! BUSINESS IS HOTTER!"

"THERE, NOOT? BE A WIT TO GET FOLKS OUT HERE, CHUBBY! WE'RE NOT LUCKY YET!"





WE NEED SOMETHING NEW!  
SOMETHING DIFFERENT!  
SOMETHING THAT NO  
OTHER AMUSEMENT  
PARK AROUND HERE  
HAS!

A SUPER  
ATTRACTION, EH,  
KARE?



SUDDENLY THERE IS A KNOCK ON  
THE DOOR, AND THE MAN CARRYING  
THE BRIEF CASE ENTERS THE SHACK.

YEAH, BUD?  
WHAT CAN  
WE DO FOR  
YOU?

ARE YOU THE  
OWNERS OF THIS  
AMUSEMENT PARK?



YES! WE'RE THE  
UNFORTUNATE  
ONES!

GENTLEMEN!  
YOUR PROBLEMS  
ARE SOLVED!



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF!  
I AM ROBERT BIXBY, CONSTRUCTION  
ENGINEER! I HAVE, HERE IN THIS  
BRIEF CASE, PLANS FOR A NEW  
TYPE HIGH-SPEED ROLLER-  
COASTER!

BUT WE HAVE  
A ROLLER-  
COASTER!



THAT OLD THING! IT'S OUTDATED! I  
HAVE DESIGNED A ROLLER-COASTER FAR  
SUPERIOR TO ONE'S FOUND IN ANY  
AMUSEMENT PARK IN THE WORLD!  
IT IS FASTER... HAS SHARPER DROPS!  
ONE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS ALMOST  
STRAIGHT DOWN FOR TWO-  
HUNDRED FEET...

KARE! IS  
IT? AND  
WHAT WE  
NEED!



YES, OBVIOUS! I CAN SEE  
IT NOW! "THE FASTEST  
ROLLER-COASTER IN THE  
WORLD!"... WE SURE YOU  
TO RIDE IT...

WELL, WE'LL  
BUY IT!  
LET'S SEE  
THE PLANS!

AGENTLE-  
MENTHES!  
JUST ONE  
STIPULATION!



STRINGS  
ATTACHED!

CRAFT WHAT'S  
YOUR PROPOSITION?

FOR THESE  
PLANS, YOU WANT TO BE  
TAKEN IN AS A  
THIRD PARTY  
IN THE ENTIRE  
AMUSEMENT

"A THIRD PARTNER? WHY  
NOT? THIS IS A HIGHWAY ROBBERY!"

"TAKE IT...OR LEAVE IT!  
THERE ARE OTHER  
MEN WHO'D BE  
WILLING TO..."

"DRAW! DRAW! IT'S A  
DEAL! WE'LL DRAW  
UP THE NECESSARY  
PAPERS!"

"GOOD! AS SOON AS WE'RE ALL  
SIGNED UP, I'LL SHOW YOU THE  
PLANS...AND A WORKING MODEL  
THAT I'VE CONSTRUCTED!"

"THE NEXT NIGHT, AT ROBERT BIRBY'S HOME..."

"NOW THAT THE PAPERS ARE ALL  
SIGNED AND IN ORDER, BIRBY,  
HOW ABOUT SHOWING US THIS  
SUPER COLLIDER-COASTER?"

"ALL RIGHT, GENTLE-  
MEN! THIS WAY!"

"BIRBY LEDES BIRBY AND GROSSER INTO A LARGE  
ROOM..."

"THERE IT IS,  
GENTLEMEN! A SCALE-  
MODEL!"

"LOOKS KINDA queer  
TO ME!"

"IT'S BUILT ON THE PRINCIPLE OF A  
"COILED" RO-RAILS! THIS CURVED  
RAILWAY IS SCIENTIFICALLY BARRICAD  
AT EACH TURN AND DROPT! THIS  
REDUCES FRICTION AND ALLOWS  
GREATER SPEED!"

"THE FIRST DROPT IS PRACTICALLY  
*"STRAIGHT DOWN!"* A SLIGHT  
TWIST IN THE CURVED TRACK  
KEEPS THE CAR FROM ACTUALLY  
BECOMING A FREE-FALLING BODY!  
THE SPEED GATHERED HERE WILL  
BE BETWEEN 100 AND 105  
*"MILES PER HOUR!"*

"THERE THEN FOLLOWS A SERIES OF  
TURNS, BANKS, RISES, AND MORE  
DROPS, CALCULATED TO MAINTAIN  
THIS SPEED THROUGHOUT THE RIDE!  
THE CAR IS STOPPED BY A  
TWO HUNDRED FOOT  
INCLINE...WHICH IT  
CLIMBS UNDER ITS  
OWN POWER! IT IS  
THEN *"READY TO  
BEGIN AGAIN!"*

"AMAZING!  
ABSOLUTELY  
AMAZING!"





HOW SOON CAN CONSTRUCTION ON THIS... THIS "EIGHTH WONDER" BEGIN?

IMMEDIATELY!

"EIGHTH WONDER" I SAY, THAT'S **BREKFF**! THAT'S WHAT WE'LL CALL IT! THE "EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!"



AND SO, WORK ON THE "NEW **SUPER** ROLLER-COASTER" IS BEGAIN! SOON! GIGANT RINDERS OF STEEL POINT SKYWARD.

BOOY! YOUR "BRAIN-CHILD" BETTER BE ALL YOU SAY IT IS... OR ELSE!

WE'VE SPUNK EVERY LAST CENT WE'VE GOT IN THIS!

DON'T WORRY, GENTLE- MEN! MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES CANOE LE! IT WILL WORK!



LITTLE BY LITTLE, AS THE DAYS AND WEEKS GO BY, THE HUGE COLOSSUS TAKES SHAPE...

WELL, GENTLEMEN! IT IS ALMOST COMPLETE!



AND THEN, THE LONG AWAITED DAY ARRIVES WHEN THE LAST RIVET IS DRIVEN HOME... AND THE "EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD" IS COMPLETED...

FINISHED... AT LAST!

HOW SOON WILL WE OPEN FOR BUSINESS?

PATIENCE, GENTLE- MEN! FIRST THERE ARE SOME TESTS TO BE MADE!



TESTS?

BUT YOU SAID...

MATHEMATICAL! IT SHOULD WORK PERFECTLY! BUT IF THERE WAS ANY ERROR IN THE CONSTRUCTION... WELL... WE MUST TEST IT TO FIND OUT!



AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, THE **SANDRAG** TEST IS MADE...

WHAT'S THE SANDRAG TEST FOR, BOOBY?

THE SANDRAGS REPRESENT OUR FUTURE RIGORS! THIS TEST WILL SHOW US IF A HUMAN BEING WILL REMAIN IN THE CAR... AS IT TAKES THE TURNS AND BANKS... OR WILL BE THROWN FROM IT...



THE CAR IS RELEASED... AND IT ROLLS DOWN AN INCLINE, GATHERING SPEED! THEN IT REACHES THE FIRST DROP! AT 104 MILES PER HOUR, IT PLUNGES EARTHWARD! THEN...

EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING ACCORDING TO CALCULATIONS...

WHERE LOOK AT THAT CAR GO!

PEOPLE WILL COME FROM ALL OVER TO WITNESS





THE TEST IS A SUCCESS! THE SAND-  
BAGS REMAIN IN THE CAR... WHICH  
RETURNED FROM THE FIRST RIDE  
UNSCATCHED! THAT RIGHT...

GENTLEMEN! I DRINK SUCCESS!  
TO THE SUCCESS OF  
OUR AMUSEMENT  
PARK!

SUCCESS!



AFTER BIKY LEAVES, GROSSER  
TURNS TO KANE...

DID YOU HEAR HIM?  
OUR AMUSEMENT  
PARK! HE'S A PARTNER!  
BUT IT WAS OUR  
MONEY, KANE! YOURS  
AND MINE!

YEAH!  
WE WERE  
FOOLS  
TO GIVE  
HIM A  
THIRD  
PARTNER-  
SHIP.



BUT THERE'S A WAY,  
KANE! A WAY OF  
GETTING IT BACK!  
A WAY OF GETTING  
RID OF HIM!

YOU MEAN,  
KILL HIM?



WHY NOT? WE CAN MAKE  
IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

WHAT'S YOUR  
PLAN, GROSSER?



THE NEXT MORNING, KANE AND GROSSER MEET BIKY AT  
THE PARK.

WHAT'S UP,  
KANE?

GROSSER, HAVE YOU NOTICED  
SOMETHING FUNNY AS  
THE CAR MADE THE 90  
DEG. TURN?

YES! COME OVER  
THERE! I'LL SHOW  
YOU AS THE CAR  
PASSES USE KANE.  
HERE, CAN START THE  
CAR AFTER WE GET  
THREE!



WE TWO MEN MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE BOTTOM OF THE  
90-DEGREE FOOT DROP! THEN GROSSER SIGNALS TO  
BIKY TO RELEASE THE CAR...

NOW LEAN OVER AND WATCH  
THE CAR! WHAT THERE? HERE,  
ONE COMES?

AFTER THIS, THERE'S  
ONE MORE TEST TO  
MAKE, GROSSER? I...



AS THE CAR, LOADED WITH SANDBAGS, HURTTLES DOWN  
THE ALMOST PERPENDICULAR INCLINE, GROSSER  
PUSHES BIKY... RIGHT INTO ITS PATH.

HE IS KILLED INSTANTLY! A TON OF STEEL, FLYING AT 100 MILES PER HOUR PAGES A MIGHTY WALL OF! THEY CALL IT AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT! KANE AND CROSBY HAVE IT RUSHED UP! THE PUBLICITY MIGHT HARM BUSINESS...



WELL? TODAY'S THE BIG DAY, KANE?

YEAST AND LOOK AT THE CROWDS FLOCKING IN ALREADY!

YESTER THE CROWDS CAME FROM ALL OVER AS KANE HAD PROMISED! THEY FILL THE NEWLY RENOVATED AMUSEMENT PARK... EACH PERSON GLAMORING TO BE THE FIRST TO RIDE THE "DISH OF THE WORLD".

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I THINK IT IS ONLY FITTING AND PROPER THAT BEFORE WE OPEN THIS WONDERFUL ROLLER-COASTER TO YOU, THE PUBLIC, MY PARTNER AND I, WHO BUILT AND PLANNED IT, BE THE FIRST TO RIDE IT!



THE TWO EAGER MEN GET INTO THE CAR... AND SIT DOWN.

IMAGINE, CROSSBY! YOUR SEAT NEVER EVEN GOT TO RIDE! HELLO! GIBBY! GIBBY!



TOM, TOM! A SHAME, KANE! A SHAME!

THE CAR IS RELEASED AND IT BEGINS TO MOVE DOWN THE INCLINE, GATHERING SPEED.

HERE COMES THE FIRST DROP, KANE!



I'M GOING TO CLOSE MY EYES! I'M AFRAID!

THE CROWD IS STILL! A HUSH HAS FALLEN OVER IT! THE ONLY SOUND HEARD IS THE WHIRL OF THE ROLLER-COASTER CAR OVER ITS CURVED TRACK! THEN...



HERE THEY COME!

THEY'RE COMING BACK!

THE CAR MOVED UP THE TWO-HUNDRED FOOT INCLINE AND CAME TO A STOP! THE TWO MEN IN THE CAR DIDN'T MOVE! THEY JUST SAT THERE, LEANING THEIR HEADS AT A GROTESQUE ANGLE, THEIR EYES BULGING.



WHAT THE...?

THEY'RE DEAD! BOTH OF THEM!

THEIR NECKS BROKEN.

HEE, HEE! THAT'S RIGHT! THEY WERE DEAD! THEIR NECKS SNAPPED LIKE DRIED TWIGS! HEE, HEE! YEP, IT WAS THE FASTEST, THE GREATEST ROLLER COASTER IN THE WORLD! HEE, HEE! SO FAST... SO CONSTRUCTED...

THAT NO HUMAN BEING COULD SURVIVE THE STRAIN OF A RIDE ON IT! GIBBY HAD THOUGHT ABOUT THAT! IT WAS THE ONE TEST HE STILL HAD TO MAKE! TOO BAD HE DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE! SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE!



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!



HEH! HEH! DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED! YES, I AM THE MASK-KEEPER! I'VE BEEN INVITED BY THE GHOST-KEEPER TO TELL ONE OF MY BETTER STORIES TO YOU! AND IN RETURN I'VE ASKED HIM TO RELATE ONE OF HIS CHILLERS IN MY MAGAZINE, THE VAULT OF HORROR! SO COME IN AND RELAX! WE CAN HOLD HANDS! HEH! HEH! I HAVE A WHOLE CASSETTA OF THEM! HEH! HEH! HEH! SETTLE BACK NOW, AND LET ME SPIN THE YARN I CALL...

The Curse of the Arnold Clan!

IT IS THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 31, 1953... NEW-YEAR'S EVE... AT THE HOME OF ROBERT AND BESS ARNOLD WE FIND THEM ENGROSSSED IN HECTIC PREPARATIONS FOR A PARTY...

OH, ROBERT, HOW COULD YOU BE SO THOUGHTLESS AS TO FORGET TO PICK UP YOUR COSTUME FROM THE STORE?

WELL, THERE'S NO USE CRYING OVER SPILT MILK! STORE'S CLOSED NOW. I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO WITHOUT. WAIT A MINUTE!

JOHN CROMB



UP IN THE ATTIC!  
THERE'S LOTS OF  
OLD CLOTHES UP  
THERE! CLOTHES  
WORN BY MY  
ANCESTORS  
GENERATIONS  
AGO! I'LL RUN  
UP AND HAVE  
A LOOK!

WELL, I HOPE  
YOU FIND  
SOMETHING!  
AND HURRY,  
DEAR... IT'S  
GETTING LATE!



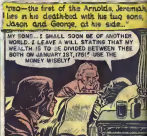
HAVEN'T BEEN UP HERE  
SINCE I WAS A KID! COMPOUND  
IT! I'M CERTAIN THOSE OLD  
CLOTHES WERE IN ONE OF  
THESE TRUNKS! MAYBE  
THAT ONE OVER THERE  
IN THE CORNER!



AND HERE'S WHAT I WAS  
LOOKING FOR! HOPE THEY  
FIT! DON'T WANT TO... SAY,  
WHAT'S THIS? AN OLD  
BOOK?



'THE CURSE OF THE ANNOOLD CLAN'  
HMP! NEVER SAW THIS BEFORE! A  
BOOK TELLING ALL ABOUT MY  
ANCESTORS! WRITTEN IN 1903...  
ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO! WONDER  
WHAT IT SAYS...



two—the first of the Annolds, Jeremiah,  
lies in his death-bed with his two sons,  
Jason and George, at his side...

MY HOME... I SHALL SOON BE OF ANOTHER  
WORLD... I LEAVE A WILL STATING THAT MY  
WEALTH IS TO BE DIVIDED BETWEEN THEE  
BOTH ON JANUARY 1ST, 1761! USE THE  
MONEY MYSELF!

"But one son, Jason Annold, brooded and  
sulked as New Year's Day moved closer...  
ever closer..."



I SHALL NOT SHARE FATHER'S  
WEALTH WITH GEORGE! I AM  
OLDER THAN HE... I SHOULD  
HAVE IT ALL! I WILL NOT  
BE DONE OUT OF IT!

"And by New Year's Eve, Jason had decided..."



JASON? 'TIS NEW YEAR'S  
EVE! WHY DO YE BRING  
ME OUT HERE IN THIS  
WILDEST HOUR?

PATIENCE, GEORGE!  
I HAVE SOMETHING  
TO SHOW THEE!

THERE, GEORGE! THERE, BEFORE THEE, IS WHAT I HAVE BROUGHT THEE TO SEE!

JASON! BE YE DAFT? ON SUCH A FREEZING EVE, YE BRING ME HERE TO GAZE AT A MERE HOLE IN THE EARTH?



"Jason tossed his brother's limp form into the gaping hole and heaped the cold, moist dirt upon him. Suddenly..."



In a fearful state, Jason finished his work and returned home. He received the entire inheritance...but he lived in fear...

GOING CRAZY? CAN'T FORGET GEORGE'S CURSE? IF I BE ALIVE IN FIFTY YEARS, I WILL BE THE ELDEST ARNOLD! MIGHTY IF I GIVE HIM A DECENT BURIAL, THE CURSE WILL NOT OCCUR!



'TIS NO MERE HOLE IN THE EARTH, GEORGE! 'TIS THY GRAVE IT BE!!



JASON! SWINE THEE, JASON! I CURSE THEE AND THY DESCENDANTS! EVERY FIFTY YEARS, ON NEW YEAR'S EVE; THE ELDEST OF THY DESCENDANTS SHALL BE BURIED ALIVE!! THIS BE MY CURSE, BROTHER JASON!



"And so it was that with the Spring thaw, George's body was 'found' and later laid to rest in a mausoleum..."

HERE, MY BROTHER! I BURY THEE WITH THY TRUSTY MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN IN THE HOPE THAT NOW AT LAST YOU WILL SET MY MIND AT REST!



"But Jason found no peace. He squandered all his wealth trying to find happiness, and on New Year's Eve, fifty years later, while cowering in his cellar, his house collapsed...and Jason was buried alive!"



"The first curse of the Arnold clan had come to pass."

"Jason Arnold had died in 1800, and for the next fifty years all was well...until New Year's Eve, 1850..."

THE ARNOLD CURSE SHAN'T WORK ON ME! I'VE LIVED IN THIS WILDERNESS FOR YEARS...ALL ALONE! I'LL NOT BE BURIED UNDER A FALLING HOUSE OR ANY SUCH THING!



"And for the second time the curse of the Arnold clan had taken its toll!"



"It was the same in 1800. On New Year's Eve, William Arnold, while working the night shift in a coal mine, was trapped in a shaft cave-in."



HEH, HEH, HEH! QUITE A TREASURY OF INFORMATION, EH? WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE READING THAT BOOK, AND IT WAS ABOUT YOUR FAMILY'S HEFT OF COURSE...YOU'D READ ON! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT ROBERT ARNOLD DID!



"No, there were no buildings or people by which Albert Arnold could be harmed. Nothing, except..."



WHA! "QUICKSAND!" I'M TRAPPED IN A BOD-OF QUICKSAND! AHEM! AHEM! I'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!

WHEP! THAT'S ALL THERE IS! LET'S SEE...LAST TIME WAS IN 1800, THEN THE NEXT TIME WILL BE NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1800...AND AGAIN! THAT'S TOGETHER! AND I'M THE OLDEST LIVING ARNOLD!



HA! WHY IT'S *ABSURD*! THOSE DEATHS WERE ONLY A LOT OF FREAK *ACCIDENTS*! HA! WHAT NONSENSE! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME!



I FOUND A HONEY OF A GOLD-NIL COSTUME, DEAR! I'LL BE READY IN A FEW MINUTES! PLEASE HURRY, ROBERT. WE'RE LATE NOW!



HEH! WELL, ROBERT AND BESS WENT TO THE PARTY. THEY HAD A GAY TIME LAUGHING, DRINKING, DANCING! AND THEN THE HOST MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT...



HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS, A *SCAVENGER HUNT*! EVERYONE WILL DRAW A TICKET, AND THE FIRST PERSON TO BRING BACK WHATEVER'S WRITTEN ON THEIR TICKET GETS A *PRIZE*! G'WON!



OH, GOODNESS! I HAVE TO BRING BACK A *MOOSE-HEAD*!



GOSH! I HAVE TO FIND AN OLD MUSKET AND A *POWDER-HORN*! WHERE THE DEVIL WILL I... HEY-HY...

MY ANCESTOR, GEORGE ARNOLD, WAS *BURIED* WITH A MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN! HH-HH-HH AND THE CEMETERY ISN'T *FAR* FROM HERE, EITHER.





... CEMETERY IS JUST AHEAD! I'LL HAVE THAT MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN BEFORE THE OTHERS EVEN START!



I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK IN. THE CARETAKER WOULD NEVER LET ME IN THIS TIME OF NIGHT, ESPECIALLY IN THIS GET-UP!



THERE'S THE MAUSOLEUM OVER THERE! GOT! THIS PLACE IS ~~WORTH~~ HOPE THIS DOESN'T TAKE LONG!



I'M IN LUCK! THIS DOOR IS SO OLD, THE LOCK HAS JUST ABOUT RUSTED AWAY! I COULD HAVE OPENED IT WITH A KNIFE!



AH! HERE IT IS! THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF GEORGE ARNOLD!



... MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN SHOULD BE INSIDE! ~~ONLY~~ THIS... THIS SLAB IS... SURE HEAVY!



WHOW! BOY! THAT WAS A JOB! UGH! WHAT A SMELL! HERE'S THE MUSKET AND... WHAT'S THAT?



BLAZES! THE CARETAKER'S COMING TO MAKE HIS ROUNDS! I CAN'T LET HIM FIND ME HERE! WHAT'LL I DO?



HE'S COMING CLOSER! IF HE SEES THIS OPEN DOOR, HE'LL INVESTIGATE! I'LL HIDE IN ONE OF THE COFFINS! AFTER HE PASSES, I'LL LEAVE!

OLD GEORGE WON'T MIND IF I USE HIS RESTING PLACE FOR A WHILE! NOW TO... CLOSE THIS... TOP!

**CLANK!**  
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED?  
THE LID! GREAT BOOTS! IT  
LOOKED WHEN I SHUT IT! I'M  
LOCKED IN! I CAN'T GET OUT!  
**HELP!**

CARETAKER! CARETAKER! I SWEAR! PLEASE!  
HELP ME! GET ME OUT! I'LL BE BURIED  
ALIVE! PLEASE!

**PLEASE!**

BUT THE CARETAKER, HIS EARS MUFFLED  
AGAINST THE COLD, DOESN'T HEAR THE CRIES FOR  
HELP THAT ARE BEING DROWNED OUT BY THE  
WINDY GALE, AND HE FLOODS TIREDOLY ON...

ROBERT'S SCREAMS LASTED FOR A LONG TIME,  
BUT FINALLY (INEVITABLY) THEY CEASED! AND  
THEN ACROSS THE CEMETERY CAME THE CHIMES OF  
A CHURCH BELL... TELLING THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT!  
IT WAS NEW YEAR'S EVE... AND THE CURSE OF  
THE IRONOLD DEAN ONCE AGAIN HAD COME TRUE!

**HAFHAFHAF!** WELL, ROBERT REALLY GOT  
HIMSELF INTO A **GRAVE SITUATION**. DIDN'T HE?  
POOR ROBERT... TOO BAD HE HAD TO GO OUT  
WITH THE OLD YEAR! AT LEAST HE WON'T HAVE  
A NEW YEAR'S HANDOVER NO.  
ROBERT WASN'T DEAD **YET**.  
HE WAS JUST **DEAD**! HEH!  
WELL, VISIT WITH ME MAY  
I'M SAYING THE RIDDLER OF  
MORRIS! DROP IN... HEH!  
ANY OLD CHIME!

THE  
END

**SPECIAL ...**

# INTRODUCTORY OFFER

*to Readers of this magazine ...*



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The Fun  
You'll Have



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100 CLASSIC  
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100 SONGS  
100 COUNTRY  
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A FEW DAYS LATER



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